was new at the job, or I'd have told her that she and her team were in the wrong field. She was delusional herself. Instead I said as mildly as I could that while I appreciated her concern, I really didn't think it was practical to notify her in advance every time somebody in Emile Durkheim House was delusional. That meant we'd be calling her daily. Several times daily. Better to have us call when everyone was "normal." Better yet to assume that, on any given day, someone would be delusional -- and stay away.

I showed the dosette to Adam, who was back at his post and working, in the kitchen. I showed him the old dosette, which wasn't quite empty. He said, "No clozapine." I showed him the new dosette. It was the same.

Adam said he'd have to phone the hospital. Mack had been off his clozapine for a week. If they put him back on it where he'd been when he stopped, he might go into a coma. If they didn't put him back at all he'd "escalate." His medication would have to be gradually increased starting from a much smaller dosage than he'd been on before the interruption.

That night Mack sat ensconced in the third-floor smoking lounge. He wore dark glasses, and his face looked pale and metallic. He sat there all night, smoking and talking, sometimes with Frederick (not Fred) or Gabriel, but usually alone. He talked to me for a little while, when I brought him his evening meds, now with a tiny clozapine pill. Too small